

WOMAN'S HERALD

Devoted to the Household, the Fashions
and the Activities
of Women.

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DAILY DEPARTMENT OF THE
WASHINGTON HERALD.Correspondence is invited. Address
all communications to the Woman's
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HEALTH AN ASSET.

Women no longer look on delicacy as something to brag about. They know that their charm, as well as their capability, increases with their health.

Many factories have installed ventilating systems and hygienic surroundings and comfortable methods of working solely because they recognize the fact that their employees will give better results under these conditions.

One corporation has taken the health matter even more seriously than this. It pays its women employees for keeping in good health.

When women enter this corporation's employment, they are carefully examined, physically, and each week they are re-examined. A record is kept of their health and at the end of three months they are graded. There are four grades, carefully worked out. To be in the first grade there must be a record that shows no colds in the three months and no absence from work, and eyes either normal or properly fitted with glasses. The second grade permits one slight cold and not more than two days' absence from work. Those in the third grade are allowed one severe or two slight colds and not more than four days' absence from work. Of course the employees are rated for each grade on other conditions of health than those of colds and eyes and absence from work.

Those who are put in the fourth grade are in really poor physical condition, and they are warned that unless they improve they will be discharged. Those in the third grade receive special health instructions from nurses, those in the second grade receive a bonus for three months—when another test occurs—and those in the first grade receive a bonus twice as large as the second grade bonus.

The whole system is quite like the system of examinations for mental efficiency in schools and it is expected to work out quite as satisfactorily.

Employers realize the value of healthy employees. Most schools, too, build up the bodies as well as the minds of their pupils. And women at home realize that the day when the only thing needed to captivate all beholders was pallor and a tendency to faint has gone. But there are many women who run their homes on modern, scientific lines who are careless in the matter of health.

If they would systematize some method of building up their own health, if they would set tests which they must pass, if they would consult a reliable doctor at any persistent symptoms of illness, they would be carrying modern scientific and labor-saving methods one notch farther.

Did it ever occur to you that your throat could be gauged by the size of your garbage pail?

It can be most accurately gauged in this way. The French have almost no need for a garbage pail, even of diminutive size. We Americans have a fine, shining, big galvanized iron pail, which we pride ourselves in keeping clean, with boiling suds and disinfectants.

We need this big pail as a sign of our housekeeping solely because we are so wasteful—because there are so many vegetable skins, bones and bits of fat, and stale left-overs to be thrown away. Perhaps our old plea that our time is too valuable to waste over the converting of every scrap of stale bread into crumbs, of fat into drippings, of bones into stock, of apple parings into jelly, is a valid one. But the fact remains that the size of our garbage pails is an arraignment against American lack of thrift.

The Bonnie Conductor Lassie.
Edinburgh, Scotland, has two dozen women street car conductors who are a thorough success in the new line of work. Other tramways are already recruiting girls and training them to be conductors. It is said that girls working in the English carriage factories are so fired with patriotism that some of them work thirty hours in a stretch without any rest. Miss Elizabeth Lister has been appointed a stationmaster in South Wales, the first woman to act in that capacity. In the North of England and in Scotland and Wales the men workers are being supplanted in the fields by women, who can be seen following the barrow or digging and hoeing.

**Great Reduction in
SUGAR
AT ALL
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STORES.**

FOLK WE TOUGH
IN PASSING

"SWEET SIXTEEN."

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

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If you read the diary in which your sixteen-year-old daughter had revealed unhealthy thoughts, maudlin sentimentality, and warped ideals how far would you hold yourself responsible?

And would you treat it as a matter worthy serious consideration, or as one deserving only ridicule?

Read this story of The Parents, and the effect of the attitude they assumed in such a case.

The August moonlight wrapped the slender figure of The Girl in silver light as she sat in the French window dreaming the long, long dreams of youth.

The hour was two in the morning. The Family had retired at ten, when The Girl had gone eagerly to her own room where she had sat, straight and tense, for three solid hours, her fingers rapidly turning the leaves of a dime novel which represented the tenth of its kind she had mentally devoured within the week.

At one o'clock she had let down the tension with a deep sigh, for had she not reached the end of the last chapter with its triumphant culmination of a madly exciting romance? And wasn't every melodramatic scene the novelist had described reflected in the crystal clearness of her young mind; stamped on the sensitive plate of her youth as an indelible influence, furnishing an example for her own life which seemed to her quite worthy?

For The Girl was sixteen, and life was writ across her thought in rainbow hues. The glamour of the insidious tales which furnished her mental food had her close in its thrall. She was in love with love, longing to be as the heroines—the golden-haired, blue eyed beauties—of the novels she read; believing in the coming of her own dashing hero.

As is the way of "sweet" sixteen The Girl could not keep so many and rosy dreams quite to herself. So she wrote them in her diary. She confided utterly in the little book, discussed there the big, big questions of Love



She was in love with love.

and should I dare her every rose tinted dream, transcribed to its pages the unhealthy ideals which her impressionable mind mirrored from her books until the helpless little diary read like the wildest melodrama ever flashed upon a moving picture screen.

So it was that The Girl could never retire after completing an exciting novel until she had transferred her impressions to her diary, and dreamed her long long dreams as she watched the moonlight fling fantastic patterns across the lawn.

When The Mother came across The Girl's diary by accident it did not occur to her to question her right to read it. Had she done so she would have argued that The Girl was hers and also everything The Girl possessed, and have read the little book just the same. From cover to cover The Mother examined the page from the deepest soul of her young daughter, and felt no qualm of conscience. From time to time she chuckled with amusement, for the intensity with which The Girl had transcribed her thoughts to the pages of the book seemed very funny to the adult mind that had quite lost track of the sixteen-year-old stage of life.

Taking the little volume in hand The Mother found The Father and read him the pages of maudlin sentiment that had so amused her.

"I confess I don't know much about such things," said The Father gravely, "but it strikes me that it isn't the way a girl of sixteen ought to feel. And I don't like the men she mentions. They are too old and experienced. What is the matter with The Girl? Why doesn't she take a healthy, normal interest in boys of her own age?"

Whereupon The Mother declared that their young daughter was passing through the novel-reading, sentimental stage that every girl must experience, the same as most children sometimes have mumps and measles. She said The Girl was not to be taken seriously, and when she put in her appearance The Parents acted on this principle.

When they cornered her and flashed the diary in her face, ridiculing its contents without stint or mercy, surprise rendered The Girl speechless. Then slowly the contents of the little book flooded her memory. Nothing had been hidden. Writing in her diary had been to her like talking to God. In it she had revealed her naked soul. Instantly her novel-fed brain was fired with effective revenge, and turning with a cry much like that of an animal that has been mortally wounded, she fled from the house, leaving The Parents somewhat shaken in the wisdom of their methods.

When it became known that The Girl had eloped with a man fifteen years her senior—a stranger of whom they knew nothing—The Parents made inquiries which led them into the belief that The Girl had disgraced them both in her choice as well as her method of making it, and without more ado they publicly repudiated her.

And when, one by one, her ideals fell crushed in the dust, and The Girl was alone and deserted, she made brave effort, but ignorance of life, inadequate equipment, perversion of the ideas and ideals of an undeveloped mind, added to privation and desolation swept her into that pitiable cesspool of parasites from which society draws back its skirts, and The Parents treated her name as though it had never been, living placidly in their comfortable home in apparent oblivion of the day of reckoning that lies in wait for each of us—and most particularly for those into whose hands God has placed young lives to be moulded into something worthy His image.

To Have Beautiful Models.

One of the features of the Whitney Style Show which Selwyn and Company, in conjunction with Belle Armstrong Whitney, will present for a special series of matinees at the Hudson Theater, New York, in September, will be the beauty of the mannequins on whom the

models are to be shown. Mrs. Whitney maintains that the sense of beauty which she wishes to develop in all women by her style show, will be greatly helped by the beauty of the mannequins; further, that few women are as beautiful as they could be if they tried, and that lovely models will inspire them to the needed effort.

HOUSE-
WIVES
DAILY
ECONOMY
CALENDAR

FRANCES MARSHALL

PINEAPPLE VARIETY.
Inexpensive and plentiful as pineapples are, they are not widely enough used. And perhaps that is because most persons serve them in only two or at the most three ways. Shredded or sliced, with sugar, they are frequently served for dessert; and sliced with French dressing, they form a fairly usual sort of salad.

There are many ways other than these usual ones of serving pineapple. To begin with, it can be advantageously combined with almost every sort of fruit for salad or appetizer. With oranges, grapefruit or bananas, cut in dice, and served with French or mayonnaise dressing, it makes a tempting salad. With these fruits, and with peaches, grapes, or cherries, sugared, it is a tempting appetizer or dessert.

One of the best—and also one of the most usual—sorts of pineapple salad calls for a slice of canned or fresh pineapple for each person. On this are placed three or four dates, pits removed, stuffed with cream cheese. The pineapple slices are placed on lettuce leaves and a French dressing is used.

Then there is another salad that calls for pineapple slices and cream cheese balls, and a garnish of pimientos. This, too, is served with French dressing.

Pineapple punch or sherbet is made in this way: Boil two cupsful of sugar with six of water to a syrup, and remove from the fire. Add the juice of a good-sized pineapple and six lemons. Cool, and then fold in the whites of four eggs, beaten stiff and freeze. Garnish with maraschino cherries.

Peach, tutti frutti or nut ice cream is delicious when a slice of it is placed on a slice of pineapple, either canned or fresh. Add a teaspoonful of whipped cream.

Pineapple charlotte is made of shredded, fresh or canned pineapple, piled in a dish lined with lady fingers. Sweetened whipped cream is added, and the whole is served, very cold.

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WASTE NEWSPAPERS.

How They Are Turned Into Useful Cardboard Boxes.

What becomes of the thousands upon thousands of newspapers that are discarded by readers on street cars, railroads and in the homes? The question must naturally obtrude itself on the minds of many in the hurrying throngs to and from business who note the disorderly litter that collects at terminal stations.

Waste newspapers, as indicated by the Scientific American, are used almost exclusively in the manufacture of the cardboard or pasteboard which goes to form the paper-board box in which dressmakers, shoemakers and department stores generally deliver dresses, suits, shoes, etc., and one of the largest factories in the United States for the manufacture of this kind of cardboard is located just outside of Philadelphia.

Long trains of freight cars come in loaded with bales of waste newspapers, the collection of many cities which have been assembled here for conversion into clean sheets of cardboard that will be used later for fashioning a box fit to hold any lady's gown of daintiest chiffon or tulle.

Tulane University, New Orleans, has conferred the degree of doctor of letters on Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. This is the first degree ever conferred on a woman by Tulane. Mrs. Stuart is a native of New Orleans and lived there until her marriage to a Mississippi River cotton planter in 1879. Her first book, a collection of Southern stories, was published some fifteen years later.

DAILY FASHION NOTE



A very chic waist is pictured here, developed in crease colored chiffon, cloth edged with black liberty satin, the black border being hemstitched to the fichu and the collar. The skirt is a four-piece model in black tulle, trimmed with buttons. In medium size the waist requires 3-4 yards 28-inch material and the skirt 4-5 yards 44-inch velvet.

Pictorial Review Waist No. 638. Size 32 to 36 bust. Price, 15c. Skirt, No. 641. Sizes 22 to 34 inch waist. Price, 15c.

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FAMOUS
WOMAN
HER
BIRTHDAY
AND YOURS

August 7—Margaret Gillies.

Margaret Gillies, though little known at the present time, is a birthday patroness of whom one might well be proud. She was born 111 years ago today in Scotland and having been left penniless and orphaned, was taken into the home of an uncle, who was a prominent Edinburgh judge. This uncle brought Margaret up with all the care that he would have bestowed upon a daughter, and with her sister, whom he had also cared for, he introduced her to the best society that Edinburgh provided at the time. Among the frequenters of this uncle's drawing-room was Sir Walter Scott and Lord Jeffrey.

Margaret Gillies had been an ordinary young woman she would have been content to continue her life in the way station in which it had been placed. But when she was 30 years of age she and her sister made up their minds that they would no longer be dependent upon the kindness of their uncle, that they would thenceforth earn their own living. The two young girls went to London and set about to make their livings. Margaret chose to be a painter and her sister to write.

Although Margaret had had no previous training in drawing and although her choice of art was more or less arbitrary, she was not long in seeking commissions. When she was 24 she was commissioned to do the miniature of the poet Wordsworth, and in order to accomplish this task she resided at the Wardsworth home for several weeks. Among her other famous models was the novelist Dickens. Having made a considerable amount of money, Margaret went to London to study, and encouraged to do original subjects in water color, gave up miniature work entirely. Her water colors enjoyed immense popularity. Chief of her works are "The Heavens Are Telling," "Vivia Perpetua in Prison," and "Prospero and Miranda."

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They're Antis.

Mrs. Robert L. Lansing, wife of the recently appointed Secretary of State, has just joined the New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Lansing thus takes her stand with many other wives of leading statesmen who are among the active opponents of woman suffrage. Included in the large list are Mrs. Elihu Root, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Mrs. Henry L. Stimson, Mrs. George W. Wickersham, Mrs. Charles F. Fairchild, Mrs. Garrett A. Hobart, Mrs. Thomas J. Preston (former Mrs. Grover Cleveland) and Mrs. William H. Taft.

HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Saturday, August 7, 1915.

This is not an important day, so far as planetary rule is concerned. While the Sun and Uranus are mildly adverse, there is a faint power for good in the aspect of Neptune, Venus and Mercury.

While astrologers hold this day to be unimportant, they foretell troubles and excitement in the United States before the end of the month.

The Philippines will be the scene of outbreaks among the natives and a foreign power may become involved, the seers predict.

China, also, is subject to a sway that is exceedingly threatening and new complications with Japan may develop.

Again strained relations with Germany, on account of a naval incident in the North Sea, also, may be implicated.

On or about the tenth and fifteenth days of this month, earthquakes are likely to take place in Italy and Southern France.

The discovery of secret foes will arouse California, it is prophesied. The Panama-Pacific Exposition may be the scene of a dramatic occurrence.

Residents of New York are warned by a London astrologer that a rare conjunction of Mars and Saturn in Cancer next month is an ill omen.

A flurry in Wall street is one of the predictions for the middle of September.

Unrest and discontent in Ireland are foreshadowed for the autumn.

Danger of a naval conflict between an English warship and a vessel from the Orient is foreseen for a time a few weeks hence.

Taxation will be a leading theme of discussion everywhere in the United States before the winter, astrologers declare.

Cities will face the problem of protecting human life from street perils and legislatures will be called upon to make stringent laws before the end of the year. An accident of national interest will arouse the public to decisive action, it is prophesied.

Catastrophal and rheumatic maladies will multiply in the next month, it is prognosticated.

Persons whose birthdate it is should be careful not to offend close friends or those who are in places of influence. They should avoid public concerns and pay especial attention to the serious affairs of life.

Children born on this day may meet many obstacles in the way of success, but if they are persevering they will achieve the heights. Girls should be guarded carefully as the stars indicate a tendency to ignore the conventions.

(Copyright, 1915.)

That a patent for a screw propelled steam vessel had been issued as far back as 1885 recently was discovered in the French patent office.

NOVEL ADVANCE
FALL GOWN MODEL

A new princess frock of serge, designed for the "flapper," has yoke and belt features.

A combination of the princess and redingote types is illustrated in an advance fall model made of navy blue serge and bound with narrow black braid.

Although designed for the girl of the "flapper," the dress is suitable for the woman of slender build, irrespective of years. It will be noted that the yoke imparts a dignified note while serving as the heading for the plait panels.

The latter are confined just below the normal waistline by a belt of the material edged with braid and adorned with small metal buckles on either hip. There is a tiny pocket below the yoke and a larger one below the belt.

The Empress of Russia's toilet water is perfumed with violets, which are gathered specially at Grasse between 5 and 7 o'clock in the evening—the time when her majesty declares their perfume is most delicious.

TOMORROW'S MENU.

"It is no bread and butter of mine; every man for himself and God for us all."—Vervantes.

BREAKFAST.

Muesli.
Cereal and Cream.
Breaded Bacon.
Blackberry Muffins. Coffee.

DINNER.

Potato Soup.
Sweet Potatoes.
Corn.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Molten Salad.
Peach Ice Cream.

SUPPER.

Fruit Salad.
Finger Rolls.
Sponge Cake. Punch.
Iced Tea.

Blackberry muffins—Mix two cupsful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Sift well and work into this half a cupful of shortening and add a cupful of milk, a well-beaten egg, and a cupful of mashed blackberries. Bake in muffin tins.

Melon salad—Cut melons in cubes and serve on crisp lettuce with French dressing.

Fruit salad—Put three pieces of crisp lettuce on each plate and on these put two or three very thin slices of orange, and on this a few cubes of pineapple. Serve with French dressing.

To Open Stock Farm.

With the announcement by Miss Anne Vaucain, of Philadelphia, that she will manage her own farm and supervise the mating and breeding of horses, by which she hopes to raise champions, two American women are this summer striving in this unusual field for women's endeavors. Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, of Kentucky, manager of the Kingston Farm, one of the most noted breeding places in the blue grass region, has already achieved great success. She supervises all the stock on her farm, some 100 head, and her advice is sought by many famous breeders of race horses. She is the daughter of the late Maj. Foxhall Daingerfield, who was the right-hand man of the late James R. Keene in the management of Keene's famous stock farm in Kentucky. As her father's constant companion, she mastered the mysteries of racing strains, and she has put her knowledge of thoroughbreds to good use.

Women's Work for Women.

The Chicago Woman's Chamber of Commerce has for one of its objects to induce women to patronize women in business and the professions. The club has done much to further this idea, and under the guidance of Miss J. King, president and prominent lawyer, seems to have managed it admirably and to have a most active membership of several hundred after only two or three years' work.